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THE SUGAR-VAPOR TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

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MESSRS. EDITORS,—If you admit nothing into the pages of your Journal, but what comes from the pen of an M.D., it will be in vain, I suppose, to ask you to receive what I here offer for your acceptance; as I am not a medical man, and in fact no man at all—*nothing but a woman!* But, though not of what you call the “nobler sex”—nor in the least degree approaching it (being not as much, even, as a lady physician, or a “woman’s rights” disciple, but a very unassuming and undistinguished personage), yet, as I find myself most unexpectedly filling a conspicuous place in the leading article of one of your Journals, and this without having been asked if willing so to appear, perhaps you may, when you learn my motive for wishing it, consent to give the same publicity to something in the way of a reply to the above-named article, which is on the subject of “sugar-vapor cure for consumption,” and written by the celebrated Dr. S. A. Cartwright of New Orleans. I will venture to presume that you do consent; and if you do not, what I shall say can be laid (as many of its pen, ink and paper kindred have been before it) on the altar of a good blazing fire, or put *under* the altar-pile, to help make one, and no harm done save the tax made on your patience in the reading—and such taxes you have, no doubt, long since, on the eel-frying principle, got used to, and have therefore learned most philosophically to bear them. But I hope you will grant the favor I ask, not so much for my own sake—I am nobody, or as the negroes say, of “no account”—but for the sake of those poor consumptives, and they are many, whose attention has been called to the theory of the sugar-vapor cure; and especially those (and they are many, too) who have been influenced in their opinions, and hopes for themselves, by the cure effected upon *myself*.

The article I allude to, is the case of the “Philadelphia lady,” containing extracts from her letters, written, while on a plantation for the sake of going through the sweating and inhaling process in a sugar-house; and it is upon this “case,” and these letters, I wish to make some amplifications; being myself the same said lady, and therefore the writer of the same said letters. And here allow me to stop, and say a word meant particularly for the eye of the good doctor who sent you that ac-

count, and who will instantly recognize this notice of it, as coming from my pen, and will think before he reads it through, what I do not wish him for a single moment to think, that I am going to deny what he has written about me, or retract what I have written to him. Be patient, good doctor—I will neither do one nor the other; but intend, on the contrary, to confirm and strengthen both your own reports and mine. But, I am *like you*—"I like," to use your own language, "*to set things to rights*"—sometimes, and I now wish to rectify some little mistakes you have made, in matters affecting my personal relations with some who have been kind to me, and which make me appear to retain no remembrance of their kindness, or to preserve, at least, but an ungrateful recollection of it. These mistakes, good doctor, are from no fault of yours—(*I do not think you could commit a fault*)—but have arisen from our imperfect mode of communication. When one can only *half hear*, and another can only *half talk*, how can they help making errors, and confounding dates, events, and all facts, in short, touched upon, even those set down in writing, when that writing has been made too brief to be sufficiently explicit. If you ask, good doctor, why I did not consult you before taking this bold step I have, of thus appearing in *private*, "on the stage," i. e., without first asking your permission to contradict you a little, I will tell you frankly the reason. I feared you would not grant it, and that killing word "no," is one I cannot bear, so I resolved to follow the workings of my own "sweet will," and afterwards to ask your pardon, if my having done so should in the least displease you—which I here, in the face of the whole world, now do. *If I have offended you, dear doctor, please forgive me, and I promise never again to repeat the offence.*

And now, dear Messrs. medical men, I turn to you—"please listen to" my "story"—and, as, I have before told you, I am not medical myself, you will allow me to tell it in my own simple way, and when you come to that part of it, requiring, as you may think, appropriate terms and phrases, you will please supply them in your own medical minds, for you will certainly not get them from my unscientific pen. If I should try to make out what you call your "diagnoses," "prognoses," &c., to please your learned ears, I should treat you to such a sublimely-ridiculous sort of jargon, as would put you out of conceit with your grandiloquent (and to the uninitiated) incomprehensible vocabulary, all the days of your life.

Firstly, then—I am no "Philadelphia lady" at all. But this is a thing of small matter, it being, as I view things, of no sort of consequence whether one be born in Philadelphia, New Zealand, or up in the moon. This mistake of calling me a Philadelphia lady, was caused, probably, by my having letters from a friend there, who went down to New Orleans to see me, and visited Dr. C. to learn where I was; and from a card put on my baggage at a hotel in Philadelphia, while passing through the place.

Mistakes 2d, 3d, and so on, are of more importance, and need more explanation, which will all come out in the course of my *narration*—which I will try to make as short as I can. I did not go from Memphis

to New Orleans *alone*, but from New York to Memphis; but I had kind friends on the way, with whom I made a long stay, and letters of introduction to every place at which I stopped; so am not as much of a heroine as made to appear. My Philadelphia friend, dear Mr. H., had given me (in Kentucky phrase) a "*heap*" of letters to his friends in Memphis—by whom I was treated with the most prompt attention and kindness. Mr. H. is known almost everywhere in the United States, and being one of those *golden* men, whose every word is truth, and to whom every one is glad to show a favor, I had, for *his sake*, helps in getting along, which I could not have got for *my own*. His friends in Memphis put me under charge of a Col. L. and lady going to New Orleans, the former for the same purpose as myself, to inhale the sugar-vapor, which he did most beneficially, gaining three pounds of flesh per week, as he himself told Dr. Cartwright after leaving the sugar-house, telling him also, when he (the doctor) spoke of my improvement in one, that "he thought I must long before have gone to another and a better world than this." This Col. L. and his wife were exceedingly kind to me, on the way, getting me a state-room next to their own, much to their own discomfort, on account of my noisy cough, which must have greatly disturbed them. The night before we arrived at Baton Rouge, I had an ill turn of spitting blood, accompanied by great distress, and when the boat stopped was most earnestly urged to get off there, and had letters put in my hands written for me by strangers—two from a doctor, a truly sympathizing one, to one who was both a doctor and planter, near Baton Rouge; and the other to a friend who was a planter, but no doctor. Another gentleman, also a friend of Col. L., gave me a letter to a planter, who came to me the moment he received it, and gave me a most hospitable invitation to return with him to his house, but said he thought he ought to inform me that his sugar-house was a very open one, and that a sick man who had come to inhale in it, took cold in it, got worse instead of better, and left. So I thought it best not to try it myself. Mr. K—w, this planter, told me, also, of some difficulties I should have in the other sugar-houses, to whose owners I had letters; so I made no further attempt to stay in Baton Rouge, or its vicinity; but after getting a little better, went down to New Orleans in company with the proprietors of the Harney House, where I had boarded, who were very attentive to me, and asked me to go with them in their carriage to the St. Charles. But I preferred some private boarding house, and so Mr. H—y took a letter of introduction I had to a cotton merchant at St. Charles, from his brother of the same firm in Memphis, and this gentleman came immediately on its receipt, on board the Bella-Donna, where I was, and took me to a boarding-house, and in the course of the day brought me a letter to a planter in St. Bernard, the only one, he said, he knew in this region, and the only American one, he thought, anywhere near on the coast. With this letter were *written* instructions from Dr. Cartwright how to get to the planter's, and a letter to the "*matron*" he speaks of, landlady of St. Bernard Hotel. I was soon at Lake Borgne, and most warmly welcomed by this same "*matron*," better known there and in New Orleans by the soubriquet of "*Aunt T—m.*"

Every one knows her as a fine specimen of an enterprising, "*clever*" English woman (I use the word *clever* in its *English* sense), who has been all over the world, knows every body—and has seen everything, even to the "cat" that had "looked on a king"—yea, even the king himself, or what was better, the *queen*. I knew by the way in which Aunt T.'s dog, General Jackson by name, preceded her to the door to welcome me in, I should have a kind hostess in his mistress—for dogs, like servants, always show in themselves the character of their owners; and this one was peculiarly well known as being a better lover of woman than of *mankind*—if not from an innate love of the sex, from the trust reposed in him perhaps, as master of the house, and sole guard of its widowed mistress. The first night of my stay at the Lake, Aunt T., Gen. J., and the conductor of the cars in which I had come, held a sort of secret consultation, of which I was both the subject and most unwilling hearer; every word they said, coming up through the cracks of the uncarpeted floor of my room, which was directly over that in which they were. Thus I was obliged to hear, because not able to remind them of what they had forgotten, my near vicinity. Gen. J. did not seem to *express his* opinions, but the others *did*, freely. The conductor, a most kind, obliging and worthy young man, said he had brought some one, whom he should never take away *alive*; and then they went to work to dispose of me, though most respectfully, in a way no sick person likes to be disposed of, even in *idea*, before the time has come to be so disposed of in reality. This premature preparation for my last *grand rest* roused up in me a sort of defiant feeling, which made me resolve to put my best foot foremost, and show that I had more life in me than they gave me credit for. To do this, I was just as social as my little *bit* of a voice would allow, never minding the pain of using it, and kept about, when so weary I longed to lie down and rest. I did not make the "matron" put on her spectacles to read my notes, not writing any for her to read, but she often obligingly put them on of her own accord, to read to me from the newspapers—and never once made me feel, in any way, that she wished me farther off. Yet I *was* troublesome; was *freezing* all the time, and as there was no chance for a fire, but in her smallest of cook-rooms, here I had to sit, and here she put under my feet something for a carpet, placed on it her own best arm-chair, and made me as comfortable as she could. Here I had an opportunity of much enjoyment in the way of seeing every variety of the strangest kind of people (*to me so*), of every tongue and nation. Lake Borgne, in a storm, is a sort of Venice in caricature—the water so surrounding every little pigmy dwelling, called a house, that you can scarcely stir a step but on a bridge—a magnificent bridge, made generally of a solitary board, on which one can learn most literally to "walk a plank." Like a ducal palace, in the midst of all, towers up the grand hotel of St. Bernard! But I am forgetting myself. Consecrated ground, to me, is the spot, and of itself deserving much renown, so I must be pardoned for stopping to take breath on the memories of a parish, which my dear sugar-doctor (Dr. C. of course) has set down as "the most romantic ground on earth."

Being thus, as I was, at the Lake, under close inspection all the time, the good "matron" had fine opportunity, which she thought it her duty to improve, of dilating upon the *advantages of dying with consumption*. She thought, as many do, that it affords a fitting time in which to secure the interests of one's eternal welfare. But this is a mistake with people. *One cannot care for one's soul* when the body is so racked with pain that it becomes *clamorous* for undivided attention to be bestowed upon *itself*. I could not, and got cross when talked to about my soul, answered pettishly, but she did not retaliate, and I was grateful for her forbearance. Certain I am she did not "implore the planter to take me off her hands"—so far from this, the planter "implored" me to be taken off, and go with him to the sugar-house—as he will be ready to own, I am sure, should he ever see what I here assert. He was master "pro tem." of the plantation—the owner of it, his near relative, being away, and leaving it to his care and responsibility. My letter was to the "bona fide" master, and responded to so instantly, *in person*, by his subsidy (whom I will designate, as the negroes did, by the name of "young boss"), that in one week's time from my arrival at the Lake, I was over the boiling kettles in his sugar-house, five or six miles off. "Young boss!"—that name "inspires my" pen—ever blessed be its memory. Its very sight seems like a brilliant diamond, not bedizenized, as many are, with a setting of "pinchback," or showy paste—but shining out in quiet lustre, from its deep still resting place, in the earth and rocks among which it seeks to ensconce itself, from the gaze of human eye and touch. There shone "young boss" in the midst of *his dark surroundings* (the darkies) in St. Bernard. I shall never see him more—time, space and circumstance divide us—but I *must* pay to one to whose devoted care I owe so much, this tribute of an appreciation that can never be uttered half as strongly as it has been felt. He was one of those few who *love to nurse the sick*. I learned from the negroes around, that he was turning himself out of his own quarters to give me accommodation—and I decided not to accept of kindness procured at such a cost. But every objection I made was overruled so strenuously, I could not refuse what was offered with so much earnestness, and determination it should *not* be refused. I found a room all nicely fitted up for my reception. The carpet, sofa, stuffed chairs (one a large-sized rocking chair, of which I made a day-reclining hammock), the luxurious bed, all burst upon my sight when I first entered the room, as so many favoring tokens that I had fallen in good hands, and that I should get well. How pleasant was the touch of the handsome mulatto Martha, as her soft hand removed my things! How good and gentle she looked, as her large swimming eyes, so full of pity, fell on my face, while she asked me so tenderly what she should do for me! And what did she *not* do for me in her three months' constant care? The planters who do not have families on their plantations, seldom build houses for any but the overseer and negroes—hence the difficulty of getting received on one; and those who *do* have families near their sugar-houses, are mostly French, and have little or no communication with their American neighbors, and have *no partiality* for those who come

from a *free State*, because, having been often imposed upon by the pedlars, abolitionists, &c., coming from those States, they are apt to look upon them as specimens of the whole free-State community.

I am continually being asked, by letter, and orally, "If I really believe the vapor helped, or cured me." It *provokes* me to have this question put to me. It seems as strange as though I were asked if I believed that "the sun gives light by day, and the moon by night"—or that—"the world is round, and like a ball seems swimming in the air"—facts to which we should all give credence, I suppose, if Noah Webster and Peter Parley had not taken pains to inform us of them. And just as self-evident, and demonstrative, as are these facts in the natural world, is the fact to *my* mind, that inhaling the steam of boiling cane-juice *into the lungs*, while at the same time the hot vapor is forcing open all the closed-up pores on *their surface without*, will *drive* from them any, even the longest-lodged disease, short of absolute decay, and give to the whole system of the human body that strength and vigor nothing else *can*. Ye consumptives who may read this, believe not what you may be told, or what you may read, of the incurability of your disease, in a certain stage. Believe it not—it is the most miserable of all earthly beliefs. Believe rather what I, a cured consumptive, tell you—that the hand of this "fell destroyer," consumption, *can* be arrested, and made to abandon his suffering prey. He has done it—he will do it again, and as often as he is asked (*in the right way*) so to do. *Hope*, a minister of mercy, is preparing the way for you so to ask, and in good time will tell you how. *HOPE*.

But the way in which some of you physicians, and *all* those, who take the negative side of the curability of your "*phthisis*," reason, or rather talk about it, *vexes me most outrageously!* It is beyond my comprehension. In the first place, certain signs are recognized as marks of the disease—unmistakable ones. These signs appear—*every one*; the patient is *doomed*—but recovers. *Then* it is at once said, he had some other disease—it was no "*phthisis*." Now, if there is a *certain* disease, set down as past cure, and this disease is judged of by *certain* characteristics which mark its existence, of what consequence can it be, what *name* is given to it—whether consumption, bronchitis, or the *measles*—unless the name so given, be considered as appropriate to it *only*; and if so, how can the changing of this name, in case the patient recovers, alter the fact of its having had an existence as the one first supposed? Two people of the same size, constitution and years, show signs of "*phthisis*." One dies, and is, without a dissenting voice, *labelled in full-sized type* as having "fallen a victim to consumption." The other does not die, and it is as confidently asserted that there was a mistake in his case—he had had no "*phthisis*," but something else, though the suffering had been the same in both, and, judged of *according to rule*, had proceeded from the same cause. *I cannot understand it*, and when I ask for explanation, the satisfaction I get invariably amounts to this:—"When one, said to be in a consumption, *dies*, he has *had* consumption—no mistake. If he does *not die*, he has *not had* it—no mistake." It seems to me, this juggling with terms is as

absurd as if one were to name a child for another person, on account of its resemblance to that person; and if, in process of time, the resemblance should be lost, or the person die, the name should, in consequence, be taken away, and another bestowed in its place. Would the child, in such a case, be some other child? Would he not be himself still? And, can the *individuality*, so to speak, of consumption be changed by a new name, any more than the individuality of the child? But I weary you—I weary myself. I nearly addle my brain, sometimes, trying to make this matter *clear* to it. I speak foolishness, no doubt—but as I have told you, being nothing but a woman, and a most unscientific one too, little in the way of science or wisdom can reasonably be looked for from my complaining pen.

Both those (doctors and others) who were *fixed in their opinions* that my disease was “phthisis,” and past cure, and those who were waiting to see the result before giving it a name, now desire information of me, which I am unable, for reasons just given, to impart. It grieves me that I cannot, for many sick ones write to me, and these care more, generally, for the *ipse dixit* of one, however insignificant, who has passed through a stage of suffering which they themselves have long been in, or are just entering, than they do for all the knowledge they can get from books, or the opinions of their wisest and best-loved physicians.

I hate to say so much about myself, but as “examples” are said to “explain things best,” I must be excused the apparent egotism, if I make some recapitulation of those facts, already before you in my letters to Dr. Cartwright and the notice he has taken of them. These letters were perfect pen and ink *Daguerreotypes* of my impressions of the effect of the vapor, and struck off in “full blast” of their recollection, without once dreaming what was to be their fate. I *knew*, or rather I *took it for granted*, that *he*, Dr. C., was one who, even in a stranger as I was, could understand all one’s idiosyncrasies, whether mental or physical—and so I threw at him whatever came uppermost—mixing up with sugar-vapor all sorts of odd thoughts, fancies, experiences, &c. Once, on being surprised at the way I had let the “inner man” appear, I told him to destroy and forget what I had sent to him, or should send in future; and then, thinking he might want to keep the information about the sugar-vapor, I gave him permission to do so, forgetting how difficult, out of such *melanges* as I was sending him, it would be to pick out and preserve anything worth preserving. To this cause, in a great measure, has been owing those mistakes I have felt bound in honor to correct. In one letter I told him, that when I could not talk at all I should have been willing to have suffered more than I did, if by it I could have got my voice, it had worried me so to have to trouble others to read what I had to say, especially *when they had to stop and put on glasses* to do it. It is no wonder he should, as he has done, forget the date to which I referred this regret, and apply it to the time of my stay at Lake Borgne, with the “matron” of whom he has spoken.

“How did you live on the plantation?” “how amuse yourself?” “how did the vapor help you?” “how could it?” are questions asked

of me, I do believe, a thousand and one times—and many more of like nature also. I wish to put in your hands an answer to some of these important inquiries, for the gratification of those who *may* be benefited by having them thus replied to, and also for the reading of some of my doctor companions *en voyage* from New York to New Orleans—many in number—some having faith in the sugar-vapor theory, some sceptical, and some never having heard of it, but all expressing a wish to know the result of its trial upon me. I overheard one say, “she can’t get well, but this whim of sugar-vapor is as good as any for her, and it is well to have some object.” Another condemned me through *my finger-nails*, without having seen anything but my hands as he passed my door. When on the boat with Col. L., however, he was spokesman for the vapor—he had *tried* its virtues, so had the faith of a satisfactory experience in the matter.

I suppose that all who have a cough and sore lungs, and raise from them bloody and other unpleasant matter, have the same difficulty (whether they have consumption or not) in bringing up this matter (which goes, I think, by the general name of phlegm—so I will call it, *any how*) from the lungs and throat. We want to get it up. I say *we*, to show that I still have sympathy with those in whose ranks I was once enrolled. We think that we *must*—feel that if we *could*, we should get well. We try—the pain is so great we have to desist—it seems to tear us all to pieces. Then we are choked—nearly strangled. We try again; now we are conquered—the “foe” spreads out his blood-red banner of victory, and we struggle no more, till for want of breath we are again compelled to. And thus we pass our days—whole months and years even, knowing that there is a corroding cankering something, spreading every day its poison deeper and farther, into the most vital part of our being, and that all effort to cast it off is vain. Is there no power to expel this inward “foe”? There is—a mighty power. In a cloud, formless and misty, there dwelleth a magician; this power is he—a wonder-working, though a silent one. He never speaks—he has no words—but his potency, he makes you *feel*. Up in my little cuddy, to me, did this magician come—how he performed his work, I know not, but he performed it well—marvellously. Gliding *into*, and in, and all around the aching breast, and clogged-up air-cells, he took from them, and so *sweetly*, so gently that not a touch gave pain, every arrow that had pierced, every vile substance that was wearing life away. Pardon me for thus mounting upon stilts—I did not mean to ride my hobby-horse so high.

But I cannot describe, as I wish to, *how* the vapor acts. The nearest I can get to it, is by saying that it is *so searching*, it lets not a particle escape its penetration—it *insinuates* itself, like an odor; we smell, but cannot see. It was *in* my lungs, like a healing ointment on an aching wound—and the outward pressure, like a soothing plaster to cover the wound, and keep it closed. Cold air had seemed to contract my lungs and made them ache, as it makes a fresh cut ache, when exposed to it. The vapor kept out the cold, and in its place filled them up with a most delicious and expanding heat. While sweating I wore a garment, al-

ready described, which "young boss" used to call a "balloon"—and when under this, I was unconscious of *time*, and every sensation but those of relief and pleasure. Once, on having slept better than usual, and so feeling better than usual, I found myself so much more willing to rise than I had ever been before, I thought it must be very late. The house was so still, I supposed all were up and gone. It was not very light, but I inferred from this it was a very, *very* cloudy day. I did not feel so well when up, but hurried on to the sugar-house, mounted my cuddy without speaking to any one, or noticing the surprise, afterwards spoken of, at seeing me at that strange hour—strange for me to make my appearance in. I had taken a good long sweat, when I saw a bright streak of light, which I feared was a fire, and I knocked for my nearest neighbor, the black sugar-maker, to come and tell me if it was so. He said it was the sun rising! The happy hours passed on—and again I saw another bright light—again summoned the obliging uncle Henry, who said, this time, it was the sun setting! I could scarcely believe it—yet it was true. Thus I had been all day long *so occupied*, I had literally taken "no note of time." I never could judge of it by my *meals*, for the good people were always bringing me food of one kind or other, and I seldom refused it—for, for two years and more, food had not always been a desirable, but often an unpleasant sight to me.

In sweating I assumed the kneeling posture (fitting in more than one sense), which enabled me to lean quite far over the boiling kettles; and when exhausted, I sat down on an *ottoman*—a little low block—so that I was quite *retired*, being in this position out of sight; and thus placed, with my skin-drying apparatus (my towels and flannels) found as much employment and exercise as I had strength to get along with. When dry and rested, I re-commenced my operations. My whole house was not much larger than a large-sized arm-chair, and I could not stand erect in it.

One of my favorite studies and amusements, while under balloon sail, was in comparing the vapor with the medicines I had taken when confined to the house or bed. I made a table of calculations about it. My favorite medicine, in the allopathic practice, had been prussic acid. This cut off the phlegm, and made me bring it up with more ease than any other dose. I used to long for the time to come to take it, but the doctors were not *liberal* with it, as I wished them to be, so I could not get as much as I would. I made so much vapor answer to so much of the acid, so much to such a quantity of hyoscyamus, so much to so many drops of digitalis, and so on. I got it all so well proportioned out, I knew just how to dose myself *by rule*, as the doctors had; but as I had my own way about it, I at last threw everything away, but the *prussic acid*, which I swallowed to my heart's content, *all day long*. *Nota Bene*—It took the vapor in its greatest *intensity* to make *prussic acid*.

I am frequently asked, "if I could *sew*, *read* or *write*, in the sugar-house." Sew! read! write! I trust I have replied, and *satisfactorily*, I hope, to this interrogatory. I would advise all who wish to sew, read or write, in a sugar-house, and at the same time to accomplish the great

work of making for themselves a *pair of new lungs*, to lay aside all such unreasonable and dangerous attempts. As I have before said, the sweating and inhaling process, *combined*, is one either to kill or cure. The magician who holds in his vapory hands the keys of life and death, will unlock for you the doors of either, as you desire. But he is exacting in his demands, and allows no trifling with his power. He obliges you to make implicit obedience to his requirements *the sole business of your lives* while you are under his care, or he will do you harm instead of good—will make you worse than before you called on him for aid. But it is *easy*, it is *delightful* to do what he requires of you—even in the smallest minutia of his exactions. The three months, necessary for cure, will soon fly away, and every moment of them will be literally loaded with *sweets*.

To one, able as I was to look upon all the operations of a sugar-house, apart from the idea that they were set in motion merely for the conversion of a vegetable product into dollars and cents, there is something, everything, to excite in the mind the most pleasant, fanciful, and time-annihilating reflections. Elevated as I was, above all the materialities of the place, I could look upon all around me through a sort of spiritualizing medium, which made the *tout ensemble* actually grand, mysterious and inspiring. The cane-carrier, like the rising and setting of the sun at sea, seemed to ascend from unknown and far-off depths, and rolling gracefully up and around, laden, bee-like, with its load of sweets, to fall again to others, hidden from mortal eye—hidden to mine at least. The clattering engine, which was crushing out life and limb from what had so long been the pride of the fields around, had in it something almost solemn in its sound, as if it knew what a work of destruction it was about—and something cheerful, too, as if it knew, also, its cruel work was for a good, a saving, as well as a destroying, purpose. The way in which the expatriated cane-juice comes rushing down and falls into the huge kettles prepared for its reception, has something, to *my* ear, almost sublime in its roar! It made me think of the "Waters of the Lodore." And when the tremendous fires below these kettles, have set the luscious fluid all in most furious motion, to change its liquidity into the more solid form of sugar—when the command is given for all hands to "heave the bucket together," and all hands *do* heave the bucket together, and with merry songs, which "to their" *kettle* "oars keep time"—to a lover of the picturesque there cannot be more beautiful or interesting *winter* scenery than this.

It has been suggested to me by some, that it was perhaps the *climate*, instead of the sugar-vapor, to which I am indebted for my cure. I do not like to have this said to me. As my faculties are all more on the instinctive, than the reasoning order, I cannot argue about it, but I do not see how it *could* be the *climate* that helped me, when I made my own climate, or rather had it made for me. In my sweating box, I was enveloped in steam—sometimes, both in steam and fire. The mosquitoes love strangers more than their *own countrymen*—and when not protected by steam nearly ate *me* up alive. To keep them off my feet, a fire was built near them on the floor, below my *cuddy*—so that I was

literally between a "pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire," only *my* fire was *behind*, *my* cloud *before*. A large fire was always ready for me to dry by, and I was so wrapped up on leaving the sugar-house, no cold air could get to me. At the house a corresponding climate was made for me, so how could the climate of *Louisiana* affect one thus shielded from it? It seems to me that it would have made no difference, as far as climate is concerned, whether I had been in Nova Zembla, or the hottest part of the torrid zone.

I had other helps, too, in the way of climate. The colored lady-doctor-ess was a splendid *M.D.*! She believed strongly in the virtues of friction, and a clean skin—and was always ready to lend a hand to help *produce a glow*! Being dizzy-headed on water, I twice fell in the Lagoon, and canal, but took no cold, because, as she expressed it, she "*rubbed it out with whiskey*." A first-rate preventive, by-the-way, against taking cold, or *feeling it*.

And now, dear medical men, are you not tired of my long story? I am. One more addition to it, and *I will trouble you never again*. As I have told you, I am a *nobody*, but as I have been a wanderer from my cradle, I have, *per force*, voyaged through "many lands," known people of many kinds, and "many men of many minds," who knowing that I have a fondness for looking below the surface of things, and an independent way of judging of them, are sometimes kind enough to think my opinions are of some value, in matters they cannot, so well as I, find opportunity to look into for themselves. In this category is the subject of the sugar-vapor. "Inquiring, far-off friends," *not city ones*, who are not as *au fait* in the "news of the day," as they wish to be, desire, among the other things concerning it (the vapor) to know something about its famous promulgator. Just see, now, how this must fetter my pen. How can I *safely* say, "behind a man's back," what I know will be put before his own face and eyes? And *slandorous* things are not the only ones we do not wish to have repeated—words of praise and admiration, we often wish to be withheld from those who have called them forth. But for the "good of science" (*like you, doctors, everything I do is for this great good!*), for the "good of science," then, I shall forget that my dear sugar-doctor is in the land of the living, and all that follows, therefore, must be altogether *scientifically* regarded, and not in the least degree taken as *personal*. When I first heard of the sugar-vapor theory, I had good sound lungs, and of course never expected to try its merits on myself, or to see the sugar-doctor. I had but one idea about the vapor, and that was one entirely foreign to its nature. It was the character of the man, who could strike out into such a new and *profitless* path in the road of science. The whole matter seemed to come as in a vision before me. I said to myself, he must be one of those few, who can *sacrifice everything to an idea* (and such men I do adore). I expressed my opinions to others, who *now* wish to know if I have found them to be correct ones. I answer, *yes—I have*. The great learning and never-ending researches into all mysteries of mind and matter, of the discoverer of the sugar-cure, should be of itself a sufficient proof, I think, that it is as true as wonderful, as wonderful

as true. He is not one to give utterance to an opinion till he has put it to a test to prove it true or false, and it is not in his nature to advocate anything false; and in his desire to do good to the world—self, profit, ease, everything pertaining to his own individual happiness, is sacrificed. Through the sick and suffering—through ways of learning, he does not know I possess—I have learned that of his charities and sympathies he would not, if he could help it, I or any one else should know. His whole-heartedness and honesty of purpose, are what nobody can or does doubt. He is an impersonation of benevolence. A magnificent vase, of the value of \$10,000, presented him by the planters, in gratitude for saving the lives of their friends and slaves, in time of pestilence, proclaims, in *golden* speech, that his skill and faithful services are both well known and gratefully appreciated. The vase has on one side of it a sugar-house cut out in lumps of solid gold; on the other, a cane-field with the negroes at work in it. A beautiful and appropriate token, and one bearing massive and *golden* proof, that opportunities for seeing with his own eyes the power of boiling cane-juice in expelling tubercles from diseased lungs, have not been wanting—opportunities he is now so earnestly improving, for the good of suffering humanity.

I am very sorry that I have made my "*medical report*" so long. I have endeavored to make it very short. But I have naturally no condensing power in my brain, and cannot create any. If I try to avoid prolixity, I am sure to get into a deeper labyrinth of words, than if I had let them at first have their full flow—and I never can make one fill up an ellipsis, as I wish it to be.

With many thanks for the patient reading, I mean to *think* you will give to this, I am, dear medical men, most respectfully,

Yours, &c., A CURED CONSUMPTIVE.

November 29th, 1854.

CASES OF TYPHOID FEVER.

[Communicated for the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

THE cases of typhoid fever described below by my friends, Dr. Cornish of Falmouth and Dr. Bartlett of New Bedford, certainly favor the opinion that this disease may sometimes be propagated by contagion. Two of the patients I visited on Saturday, the 12th day of August last, at the light-house at Wood's Hole, where four of the persons died, and where a fifth contracted the disease, which proved fatal at Martha's Vineyard. There is nothing that I can add to the very full and satisfactory account given in the annexed letters that will be deemed of any importance, except that Wood's Hole, which is a part of the town of Falmouth, Mass., is very remarkable for its salubrity. It contains a population of 250, and I was told, the last summer, that there had been but four deaths in the village in the four preceding years. The building where the patients sickened and died, stands on high and dry ground, facing Vineyard Sound, and the rooms, in which I found the sick, were spacious,

and well ventilated. The air in and around the house was remarkably pure, and I could discover nothing anywhere in its vicinity, from which deleterious exhalations would be likely to arise.

GEO. HAYWARD.

Boston, Dec. 13th, 1854.

Falmouth, October 14th, 1854.

To George Hayward, M.D. Dear Sir,—Your favor of 11th inst., requesting the history and origin of those fatal cases of typhoid fever which occurred in the family of Mr. Wm. Fergusson, at the light-house, Falmouth, was duly received. I shall be happy to give you as particular a history of this melancholy affliction as it is in my power to do.

CASE I.—Grafton Fergusson, a young man of 20 years of age, came from New Bedford, on the 1st of August last, on account of what he supposed a diarrhoea only. I saw him on the 4th for the first time. Found him with all the usual symptoms of typhoid fever. These symptoms went on increasing in severity, as when you saw him, until the 16th, when he died. The brain, nervous system and abdomen were more particularly affected.

CASE II.—The eldest son of the family and brother of the first case; a strong, vigorous, healthy young man of 22 years; had not been exposed to the influence of disease in any way, except with his brother. He was taken on the 9th, about nine days from the time his brother came home. The attack in this case was more severe and active than the first. Acute pain in head and back; hot and dry skin; pulse from 100 to 120, full and hard; delirium within forty-eight hours of attack, which continued with slight intervals until he died, which took place on the 22d. Bleeding was used in this case only, which appeared to mitigate the symptoms and the severity of the pain, but not to cure the malady.

CASE III.—The grandchild of Mr. Fergusson, a boy of 4 years, began to show symptoms of illness about the 20th. The symptoms were mild at the commencement in this case, but gradually increased in severity, and showed a putrid tendency towards the close, which took place on the 3d September. This case and the following one was particularly under the care of Dr. Rogers, my partner in business, although I saw them occasionally through their sickness.

CASE IV.—This was the wife of Mr. F., mother of the two young men and grandmother of the child. She began to be unwell about 23d of August, and died on 10th of September. In this case the symptoms were mild at the commencement, but gradually severe, and towards the close put on a putrid tendency, and two days before death a profuse hemorrhage took place from the mouth. Not so much tympanitis and tenderness in abdomen as in two first cases.

CASE V.—This was the only daughter of Mr. F., and mother of the child, the third case. She felt somewhat unwell on the 11th September, went to the Vineyard to attend the burial of her mother on the 13th, became more unwell, and did not return, and I understood died on the 9th of October, the present month.

Thus, we perceive this whole family except the father—consisting of Mr. Wm. Fergusson and wife, two sons, a daughter and grandchild,

have all been taken down and died one after the other, as if by contagion, whilst others, who were also exposed, such as nurses, watchers, &c., escaped unharmed.

I shall be happy to communicate any further information that may be in my power.

Truly your friend, A. CORNISH.

New Bedford, Nov. 3d, 1854.

To Dr. Geo. Hayward, Boston. DEAR SIR,—I have made inquiry into the origin of the case of typhoid fever which you saw at Falmouth, a few weeks since, in the person of Ellsworth R. Fergusson.

Fergusson, when taken sick, was in the employ of Mr. J. P. Lund, at the Head of the River, so called, about three miles above the city of New Bedford, as an apprentice in the manufacture of tin-ware. Mr. Lund carries on a considerable business in the manufacture of tin-ware, and employs a number of tin-cart peddlars to sell his goods. They usually go out in the morning, sell their goods for money, rags, and other articles of barter, and return the same evening to Mr. Lund's shop. The facts which follow I obtained from Dr. J. W. Webster, the attending physician, and Mr. Lund's wife.

The first case which occurred was that of Haskel Merrit, a *tin-pedlar* who was in the employ of Mr. Lund and boarded in his family. He was attacked about the first of July. I saw him in consultation with Dr. Webster on the 6th of July. He was then almost hopelessly sick; constantly delirious, nearly insensible, pulse ranging from 120 to 130, abdomen very tympanitic and covered with rose-colored spots and sudamina. He had a number of sores upon his back, about as large over as the end of the finger, sub-livid and quite tender to the touch. They looked like the rose-colored spots greatly exaggerated in size, and irritated by lying upon them. He became convalescent under the use of quinine and brandy. Dr. W. informed me that his sores improved rapidly after convalescence commenced, under the internal use of yeast.

He recovered—but as his case began to improve, his brother, Lorenzo Merrit, also a pedlar in the employ of Mr. Lund, who had been in constant attendance upon Haskel from the first, was attacked in the same way, and died on the 10th of August, the 13th day after his attack.

Ellsworth R. Fergusson, whom you saw at Wood's Hole, in Falmouth, and who carried the disease there, boarded in Mr. Lund's family. He watched a part of one or two nights with the Merrits, and occasionally went into the room and sat with them during the day. Fergusson became unwell about the 1st of August—not very sick, however, until after he went home to Wood's Hole, which was in a few days after he was attacked.

Mr. Lund's family at the time consisted of himself, wife, three sons and a daughter. The youngest son and daughter were not exposed by being in the room of the Merrits, and had no symptoms of the disease. Mrs. Lund was seldom in the room, and had no symptoms of the disease afterwards.

Of the persons who watched with, or were in attendance upon, the Merrits, eight of them at least had *typhoid fever*; viz., J. P. Lund him-

self, his eldest son, young Fergusson, a journeyman of Lund's, a Mr. Cushman, a nurse from Taunton who took care of the first Merrit, a Mr. Hathaway, and Mr. Taber. Besides these, Mr. Lund's second son, a Mr. Moshier, a Mr. Warren, and many others, complained for several days of being unwell, with lassitude and loss of appetite, which lasted in most instances from three or four to eight or ten days. These persons generally had been less in attendance upon the Merrits than the above mentioned, but still more or less directly exposed.

Two gentlemen, a Mr. Allen and a Mr. Baker, were much exposed by watching and attendance on the Merrits, but had no symptoms of the disease afterwards. Allen had had typhoid fever some years ago. I could not learn whether Mr. Hathaway had ever had it.

There were two other cases of typhoid fever within a quarter of a mile of Lund's, soon after Merrits, where no direct exposure could be traced. One of these was Dr. Webster's wife; the other a Mrs. Drury, the wife of another of Lund's pedlars. It was stated that three children in the family of Mr. Swift, who lives on the opposite side of the street from Lund's, had typhoid fever.

It might perhaps be thought by some that this was ship fever, caught from some of the rags which Merrit picked up in his trade. But I am not aware that we have ever had any ship fever in New Bedford. Merrit was much exposed and exhausted one night during the latter part of June, by dragging an engine about two miles to a fire, and was able to do little or nothing afterwards.

I shall be happy to obtain any other facts in relation to these cases that you may desire.

Yours very truly,

LYMAN BARTLETT.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

[Communicated for the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The object of the present communication is to suggest the propriety and expediency of the contribution of a suitable *block*, of marble or some other suitable material, by the *Massachusetts Medical Society*, to the monument now in course of erection at the city of Washington, to the memory of the "Father of his Country." Such a memorial from the Medical Society which has numbered among its fellows a *Joseph Warren*, and many other names dear to the heart of every true patriot, would, at least, so it seems to me, be exceedingly appropriate. A block of marble, bearing the *seal* of the Society, with other appropriate designs and mottoes, would, in my humble opinion, not only do honor to the Society, but be very acceptable to the Directors of the Monument Association.

Shall it be done? Will not the Counsellors of the Society take the necessary steps to secure so desirable a result, and prepare and present to the Society, at its next meeting, a plan which will ensure a favorable result? I am confident there are very few of the Fellows who would object to such a movement. Especially will you, Messrs. Editors, I am

fully confident, lend your powerful influence in the consummation of an object of so much interest and importance as the one proposed. I sincerely hope the object named may be soon accomplished, and I remain,

Very truly, your obedient servant,

Dec. 15, 1854.

A. I. CUMMINGS, M.D.

THE BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 20, 1854.

Operation on Club-feet.—The following note from Dr. Brown, of this city, gives some further particulars respecting the case of club-foot which we referred to last week, and is cheerfully inserted.

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—As you kindly alluded, in the last number of the Journal, to a case of double varus which had been treated in Boston some years since, by Dr. J. B. Brown and myself, permit me to add that the case is chiefly interesting from the fact that it was one of the earliest operated upon for this malformation in this country; and the young man having since been out into the world as sailor on board a whaling vessel, has had an opportunity of testing the completeness of the restoration of his feet, by several year's hard usage. This instance is referred to, not as being by any means peculiar as regards the result, but simply as illustrating the perfection which is attained in the cure of these deformities. A large majority of cases of this description come of course from a distance, and when cured, return to their homes. It is therefore seldom that we are enabled to examine one after such a length of time has elapsed from the date of the operation.

Respectfully yours,

BUCKMINSTER BROWN, M.D."

Enlargement of the Massachusetts General Hospital.—The new building erected during the past year within the hospital enclosure, was formally opened for the admission of patients on Wednesday last. It has received the name of the *Touro Ward*, in honor of the late Judah Touro, of New Orleans, who bequeathed ten thousand dollars some time since to this institution. We understand that this separate building will be used for patients affected with erysipelatous and other contagious affections. Such a building was very much needed, and it will prove a valuable addition to the facilities of this noble institution.

Election of Physicians to Office.—It has been said, by whom we do not now remember, "that doctors make very poor legislators"; but judging from the results of recent elections in this and other States, we should say that they are held in high estimation as public officers, and fully enjoy the confidence of their fellow citizens. A Journal which is exclusively devoted to medical science may not be considered the proper medium for imparting political intelligence; but as quite a number of the profession have lately been honored by election to offices of honor and trust, we hope the readers of this Journal will pardon us for this innovation. By reference to the list of names of the newly elected senators and representatives to our State Legislature, we find many among them who belong to the medical profes-

sion ; and among the list of persons who were recently elected to the board of School Committee in this city, which consists of seventy-two, nearly one-fifth of them were also physicians. Now this is presumptive evidence that some of the profession possess tact and ability, notwithstanding the grave assertion alluded to at the commencement of this paragraph. In connection with the above, it affords us much pleasure to inform our readers that Dr. Smith, the senior Editor of this Journal, has been triumphantly re-elected Mayor of this city. This mark of confidence by his fellow citizens, is without doubt extremely gratifying to him, and we think he has merited it, for Boston never had a more energetic and faithful chief magistrate.

Principles of Physiology.—Some months since there was an apparently comatose state of the medical press ; but literary life and activity are again manifest, and the books are rolling in upon us in a kind of paper flood. A quarto of 110 pages has been issued from the growing publishing house of the Messrs. Wood, New York, called, on the title page, "Principles of Physiology, designed for the use of schools, academies, colleges, and the general reader, comprising a familiar explanation of the structure and functions of the organs of man, illustrated by comparative reference to those of the inferior animals." Also an essay on the preservation of health, with 14 quarto plates and over 80 engravings on wood—making, in all, nearly two hundred figures. By J. C. Comstock, M.D. and B. N. Comings, M.D. For the purposes for which the talented authors expressly designed their useful labors, nothing could be more appropriate. It is a fascinating book for man, woman or child, and if it is not extensively circulated and liberally sustained, the fault will be in the people and not in Drs. Comstock and Comings. Some years ago, we prepared an elementary treatise on anatomy, for the identical purpose contemplated by these gentlemen, and it passed through eleven consecutive editions ; but to the authors of the *Principles of Physiology* must be awarded the praise of superior workmanship. We hope the trustees of institutions of learning will give an early attention to this valuable and unexceptionable treatise on human organism.

Death of Dr. Samuel Parkman.—It is with painful emotions that we are called upon to announce the death of Dr. Samuel Parkman, of this city, which event took place on Friday evening last. Dr. Parkman was for a number of years the Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Medical Department of Harvard University, and also one of the surgeons of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was elected a member of the School Committee of the city on the Monday previous to his death. Dr. Parkman was a skilful surgeon and a most estimable man, and his loss will be deplored by his friends and associates.

The late Dr. John P. Hiester, of Reading, Pa.—We have already recorded, under our obituary head, the recent death of Dr. Hiester, of Pennsylvania. Dr. H. stood in the front rank of his profession. He was one of the oldest subscribers to this Journal, and was therefore familiar with the names and topics which have appeared in its pages, although not himself extensively known in this part of the country. The following notice of his life and character is copied from the *New Jersey Medical Reporter*.

"Dr. JOHN P. HIESTER died at his residence, in Reading, on the 15th of September last. He was born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, on the 9th

of June, 1803. After receiving an excellent preliminary education, he applied himself to the study of medicine under the direction of the late Dr. John Luther, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, who enjoyed considerable reputation as a practitioner. Dr. Hiester graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1827. He commenced the practice of his profession in the country, but after a few years removed to Reading, where he continued to reside until his decease.

"Dr. Hiester stood in the front rank of his profession, and in devotion to its duties, both as a student and as a practitioner, he had few equals, no superiors. To the advantages of a complete medical education, and the fruits of a large experience at home, he added the benefit of the acquisitions resulting from his industry and acute powers of observation, during a professional visit to the colleges and hospitals of Europe, and intercourse with leading men abroad. He was not a mere practitioner, but a close student, alive at all times to the progress of science, and prompt to adopt its discoveries and improvements. He was an active and efficient member of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, of which he was recently its President, and probably contributed more to stimulate a spirit of inquiry and philosophical research among its members, than any other individual connected with it.

"Not only as the skilful and experienced physician was he known and esteemed. Although devoted almost to enthusiasm, to his professional pursuit, he yet found time to cultivate the kindred sciences. He was distinguished as a botanist and chemist, and a geological map of Berks county was the result of a recent attention to that science. A portion of his leisure hours was devoted to making a complete collection of the plants, the forest trees, and the minerals of the county, all arranged with scientific accuracy and exquisite taste. He was ever the friend of education, and no student or lover of science among the young ever failed to receive his hearty sympathy and affectionate aid. * * * * *

"Simple in his habits, unostentatious in the display of his varied acquirements, singularly affable and engaging in his manner, and sincere in his friendships, he was a man with whom acquaintance soon grew into intimacy, and intimacy ripened into love. He enjoyed for many years an extensive practice, and it was in the sick chamber, perhaps, that his sterling qualities of mind and heart were best known and appreciated. Tenderly solicitous for the welfare of his patients, unremitting in his attendance upon them, and ever wakeful to do for them all that the scope of the healing art could afford, to alleviate their pains and sufferings, he endeared himself to them by ties far stronger than those which exist in ordinary professional relations; and to them scarcely less than to his sorrowing family circle, will his death be a source of grief too poignant for the cold words of human sympathy to assuage."

The Hospital and Sick at Scutari.—The late arrivals from Europe furnish us with sad intelligence relative to suffering, sickness and death—the result of the war in the East. The hospital at Scutari contains upwards of three thousand patients, being over-crowded, and the medical staff inefficient to render that aid which even humanity demands. A Miss Nightingale, with a corps of females as assistants, had arrived from England for the purpose of nursing the sick and wounded. It is bad policy for any government to go to war with a powerful nation without increasing the

staff connected with the hospital department beyond that which is required in time of peace.

Robbery by means of Chloroform.—It is related in the newspapers, that a Col. Berrien, of Rome, Ga., was riding in the cars to Augusta one evening, in company with his family, when a stranger took a seat beside him, and after some conversation actually succeeded in administering to him sufficient chloroform to produce insensibility. He then cut the buttons off his overcoat, and extracted, from his side pocket, a packet of bills amounting to upwards of \$5000, and from his pantaloons pocket \$1000 more. At the last accounts it appears that the Col. had not recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic, nor had his friends recovered the money.

Poisoning attributed to Vapor of Cyanide of Potassium.—The bodies of four individuals were found dead in a cottage in the village of Elscar, in Yorkshire. On the inquest, it was stated that the cottage abuted on the foundation of a smelting furnace, and it had been discovered that there were cracks in the wall of the furnace. Death was attributed to the vapor of cyanogen having escaped, and having been inspired by the inmates after they had retired to bed. The symptoms and circumstances of their death could not be known, as all four had evidently been several hours dead when the catastrophe was discovered. According to the report of the inquest in the daily papers of December 6th, there does not appear to have been any scientific investigation to ascertain whether cyanogen, or carbonic acid gas, had escaped through the fissure in the wall of the furnace.—*New York Journal of Pharmacy.*

Medical Miscellany.—There being no regular work carried on in the Philadelphia County Prison, at which Dr. Beale, the dentist, could be advantageously employed, he is allowed to officiate as an assistant in the apothecary's department, and he also performs all the dental operations required by the other prisoners.—In the case of Ashworth vs. Dr. Kittredge, of Andover, for mal-practice, the jury disagreed. A previous trial went against the doctor, but a new trial was granted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Papers from Dr. Dix and Dr. Hooper have been received—also the continuation of Dr. Park's translation of Valleix.—It is impossible for us to comply with the request of a correspondent, and give the prices of books in our literary notices of them. The prices are never, in ordinary cases, known to us.

MARRIED.—In this city, Dr. Joseph Warren Fearing, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Matilda Pickens.

DIED.—In this city, Dr. Samuel Parkman.

Died in Boston for the week ending Saturday noon, Dec. 16th, 55. Males, 32—females, 23. Accident, 1—apoplexy, 2—inflammation of the bowels, 2—disease of the bowels, 1—inflammation of the brain, 1—burns, 1—consumption, 6—convulsions, 3—croup, 3—dysentery, 3—dropsy, 3—dropsy in the head, 3—debility, 1—infantile diseases, 4—typhus fever, 2—typhoid fever, 2—hooping cough, 2—homicide, 1—inflammation of the lungs, 5—marasmus, 1—old age, 2—rheumatism, 1—smallpox, 2—teething, 2—thrush, 1.

Under 5 years, 28—between 5 and 20 years, 3—between 20 and 40 years, 15—between 40 and 60 years, 4—above 60 years, 5. Born in the United States, 41—British Provinces, 1—Ireland, 12—Germany, 1.

Konopleff on Croton Oil in Dysentery.—Supposing dysentery generally dependent on some serious obstruction in the bowels, Konopleff administers croton oil for the cure of this disease. He adds from 1 to 3 drops of the oil to an emulsion composed of Aq. menth. pip. ʒvj. , and Aq. Laurocerasi ʒj. — ʒij. ; and of this mixture he administers to adults a table-spoonful, and to children a tea or dessert spoonful every half hour. After three or four doses copious stools are passed, at first with and thereafter without blood; and by carefully regulating the diet and administering mucilaginous drinks, after the use of the above mixture, the patient is speedily cured. Should severe diarrhoea follow the use of the emulsion, he alleges that it is easily removed by the Decoctum Salep. combined with Aq. Laurocerasi, or Vinum Opii. In the event of the mixture causing irritability of the stomach and vomiting, he administers the croton oil in the form of an enema, without Aq. Laurocerasi, but combined with from 3 to 10 grs. of Ext. Hyosciami. Konopleff has administered a mixture containing one drop of the oil to ʒiv. of emulsion to infants at the breast, with the best results. He affirms that by means of this treatment he has never lost a single patient.—*Med. Zeitung Russland*, 48. 1853.

Indian Plague.—1st. "Mahamurre" and plague are identical.—2nd. The disease is of local origin, transmissible from person to person and from place to place.—3d. It is gradually extending itself, and no sufficient grounds exist for the supposition that it will never be developed in surrounding countries.—4th. The local circumstances upon which "Mahamurre" depends should be done away with, and sanitary measures introduced, in which case it is probable that the disease will be gradually eradicated, or at any rate modified in severity.—5th. It is likely the disease, if dealt with early, will be found to be curable, and that the people themselves may use the remedies furnished by authority.—*Report on Mahamurre, or Indian Plague, by Drs. PEARSON and FRANCIS.*

New Plants discovered in Minnesota. By J. C. NORTON, M. D.—*Phacelia tenera* (mih), stem upright, slender, sparsely bristled; leaves petioled, pinnatifid, divisions ovate, oblong, obtuse; those of the lower leaves entire; those of the upper about three lobed; racemes few flowered, pedicles longer than the calyx; lobes of the calyx lanceolate acutish, bristly ciliate; corolla rather longer than the calyx, tube with ten folds inside, enclosing the stamens, lobes emarginate, flower white with dark purple specks inside, ovary strongly bearded; moist shady places along the Mississippi; May; plant four to eight inches high, with small and delicate flowers.

Galium triflorum (Gray), stem weak, reclining or prostrate, bristly roughened backwards, on the angles, shining, leaves 6 in a whorl, elliptical lanceolate, bristly pointed, with slightly roughened margin, peduncles 3 flowered, the flowers all pedicled, fruit bristly with hooked hairs, lobes of the greenish corolla pointed. Var. *purpureum* (mih), whole plant rougher, corolla dark brownish purple, emitting a very offensive odor.—*Peninsular Journal of Medicine.*

Fatality of Cholera in Naples.—The American Medical Monthly says, that "out of one infamously dirty alley in Naples, cholera destroyed one hundred and forty-three out of one hundred and forty-six inhabitants. The three survivors were removed by the authorities."